

Herald and Tribune.
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will send one extra copy free for one
year, to the getter up of the club.
ATTORNEYS.
R. L. BLAIR,
Attorney at Law & Collecting Agent.
Jonesboro', Tenn.
PROMPT attention given to all business
entrusted to me throughout the counties
comprising Upper East Tennessee.
October 14 75. tt.
JOHN B. M'LIN,
Attorney at Law & Collecting Agent.
Jonesboro', Tenn.
PROMPT attention given to all busi-
ness entrusted to me throughout the
counties comprising Upper East Tennes-
see. Oct-21-1875-tt.
S. E. GRIFFITH,
Attorney at Law and Collection Agent
JONESBORO', TENNESSEE.
All business entrusted to him will re-
ceive prompt attention.
Dec 23rd, 1875.
JAMES G. DEADERICK, ATTORNEY
AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHAN-
CERY, JONESBORO', TENN. Office in
Graham & Lamson's New Building, Up-
per Stairs, No. 2. [71mar23].
J. KIRKPATRICK, ATTORNEY AT
LAW, JONESBORO', TENN. Office in
Graham & Lamson's New Building, Up-
per Stairs, No. 2. [10aug26].
J. N. GRIFFITH, ATTORNEY AT
LAW AND COLLECTING AGENT,
JONESBORO', TENN. Special attention
given to collections. Office, one door
East of Faw, Devault & Co., under
Kear's Gallery. [10aug26].
J. BROWN, ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND COLLECTING AGENT, JONES-
BORO', TENN. PROMPT attention given
to collections in East Tennessee, and
Southwestern Va. [10aug26].
W. P. GILLENWATERS, ATTOR-
NEY AT LAW, ROGERSVILLE, TENN.
all practice in the Circuit and Chancery
courts of Hawkins, Greene, Hancock and
Washington counties, and in the Supreme
and Federal Courts at Knoxville, Tenn.
April 31st.
J. W. TIPTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
Elizabethton, Tenn. WILL practice in
the Court of Carter, Sullivan and Wash-
ington Counties, Tenn. Special atten-
tion given to the Collection of Claims.
73April17-ly
A. H. PETTIBONE, JAS. H. ROBINSON
PETTIBONE & ROBINSON, ATTOR-
NEYS AND COUNSELLORS, GREENE
VILLE, TENN. Will practice in all the
courts of Upper East Tennessee, and in
the Supreme and Federal Court at
Knoxville. Collections promptly made
and remitted. [73may8].
F. S. SINGLETARY,
Attorney at Law,
and Solicitor in Chancery
Elizabethton, Tennessee.
Prompt attention given to the Collec-
tion of Claims.
July 15 tt.
MISCELLANEOUS.
J. T. CAZIER, D. D. S.,
DENTAL ROOMS,
IN the Building formerly occupied by
J. the Rev. Dr. Munsey, 3 doors East
of the M. E. C. S., Main Street.
JONESBORO', TENNESSEE.
Feb 21st.
DR. J. M. KING,
(Graduate of the Baltimore College of
Dental Surgery.)
Will identically Perform
all Dental Operations
and Guarantee
Satisfaction.
WILL BE AT
BRISTOL, Tenn., from the 1st to the
9th of each month, office, 5th street,
1st door from Main.
UNION, Tenn., from the 9th to the 16th
of each month; office Main street, East
End.
JOHNSON CITY, Tenn., the remainder
of the month; office, Dr. Seehorn's old
office.
may 20mo12.
FRANK POTTS, & S. BRIDGERS.
Potts & Bridgers.
General Commission Merchants.
Petersburg, Va.
Consignments Solicited and faithful at-
tention pledged.
SPECIALTIES. E. Tennessee
FLOUR and GRAIN.
R-fer by permission to Messrs. C. D.
V.ritt & Co., Morristown, Tennessee.
Watauga Mills, Carters, Tenn., Hull &
Taylor, Marion, Va.
Aug 12mo6.
Penniman & Co.,
IMPORTERS & WHOLESALE
DEALERS IN
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
Hardware,
No. 10, N. HOWARD, STREET
BALTIMORE
MILTON KEEN,
CABINET MAKER,
and dealer in all kinds of
FURNITURE,
JONESBOROUGH, TENNESSEE.
Keeps constantly on hand Furniture of
all kinds.
Bureaus, Bed-rooms, Lounges,
sals, &c., &c.
and will always keep his ware-rooms
well filled with furniture. Good lumber
wanted in exchange for furniture.
Those who may be so unfortunate as
to lose their friends will find coffins of
all sizes ready for use at any shop.
June 10 75.

Herald and Tribune.

Honesty of Purpose and Equal Rights to all Men, will secure Happiness to the People.
VOL. VII. JONESBOROUGH, TENN., THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1876. NO. 27.

WINNER SCHEDULE.
E. T. Va & Ga. R. R.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS		
TRAINS.	ARRIVES.	LEAVES.
No. 1, Western Bound Mail	6:05 A. M.	6:09 A. M.
No. 2, Eastern Bound Mail	9:02 P. M.	9:05 P. M.
No. 3, Western Bound Mail	9:00 P. M.	9:03 P. M.
No. 4, Eastern Bound Mail	7:10 A. M.	7:13 A. M.
No. 5, Western Bound Freight	5:55 A. M.	5 A. M.
No. 6, Eastern Bound Freight	6:15 P. M.	6:27 P. M.

Lippincott's Magazine.
In Lippincott's Magazine for April, the fourth paper on "The Century, its Fruits and its Festival," brings us to the Centennial Exhibition, and after recounting the steps by which the project has been brought to its present stage, which is that of an assured success far exceeding the original anticipations of its most sanguine supporters, give an ample and critical description of the principal buildings, with suitable illustrations. Readers who follow this series of articles will be prepared to visit the Exhibition with the previous knowledge of its aims and arrangements necessary for a proper comprehension and full enjoyment of the spectacle. The finely-illustrated "Sketches of India" are concluded in this number, the final paper dealing with the new era now opening for the magnificent country, whose most intelligent natives are rapidly assimilating the civilization of the West, and breaking down the barriers of caste and superstition. A long and earnest article on "The College Student," by Professor James Morgan Hart, will commend itself to the attention of all who are interested in the details of our collegiate system, and who desire its improvement; while another educational subject, of a more special character, "The Instruction of Deaf Mutes," is briefly but suggestively treated by a lady who has had personal experience in the work. In a quite different vein is a racy bit of narrative, "The Berkshire Lady," by Thomas Hughes, the author of "School Days at Rugby," who here gives us a glimpse of English country life in ante-railway days. Lady Barker's "Letters from South Africa" are continued, and present a vivid picture of the new home she has sought in a region little known, and peculiar alike in its climate, fauna, population, and general condition. Of the fiction in this number it is sufficient to mention "The Attainment of Lean Doodles," which has taken so strong a hold on the interest of its readers, and a story by Sarah Winter Kellogg, "The House that Susan Built," which is evidently a study from the life of female character and enterprise. The poems include, among others, as specimens of Pigeon-English, "The Sing-Song of Maly Coe," by Charles G. Leland (Hans Breitmann); and the reader should not overlook a description of Weimar, "The City of Violets," and of the performances of Rossi, the great Italian actor, in the "Monthly Gossip." The number is certainly a strikingly attractive one.

A Suit Which May Leave ex-Governor William Allen a Poor Man.
Cincinnati, March 17.—Proceedings were commenced in the United States court here to-day, Allen Campbell McArthur and other grand children of Duncan McArthur, former Governor of Ohio, to eject Governor William Allen from his farm near Chillicothe, known as "Fruit Hill," and to compel him to account to the legal heirs of Duncan McArthur for all the rents and profits of the estate illegally withheld from the heirs. It appears Gov. McArthur, who died in 1839, the owner of an immense landed wealth, left a will bequeathing all his property to his wife and William Key Bond as trustees, to hold until his youngest child became of age, with annual dividends and profits of the estate, among the heirs. When the youngest grandchild became of age, the property was to be divided among all the heirs. The will was set aside, and a larger portion of the estate came into the possession of Mrs. Coon, daughter of McArthur, who afterwards married Governor Allen. The principal contestant became of age about a year ago, and having learned the story of the will and deposition in court, has commenced suit, with others, to recover. Should the suit be decided against Gov. Allen, it will leave him a poor man. The estate involved embraces about 8,000 acres of land in Ross county, including a portion of the city Chillicothe.

There is a class of people who ask why you "don't" come to their house, but never say "do." They are nearly related to the gentleman who has always got "a bill to take up" whenever you wish to effect a small loan from him.

A Texas Story.
BY U. S.
CHAPTER II.
The sun was silently sinking to rest in the western horizon, whilst the evening breeze wafted a sweet odor from the fragrant flowers, to a form sitting in the door of a cottage. The form was Mr. Morton, who seemed to be casting anxious glances across the prairie, as if expecting to see some object, but each time turns back disappointed.
Presently he calls out "Arthur, Arthur!"
"Here I am father," and the youth comes to his parents side.
"Where is your sister?"
"She went to take a walk, sir, I intended going with her, but did not have the time."
"She has been gone long enough to be back has she not?"
"Yes sir, I think she has, I never know her to be so late coming from her strolls."
Mr. Morton stepped out into the yard calling loudly, "Helen, Helen." But no sound greeted his ears. By this time he was very much alarmed. He hunted up the old negro and said, "Ned, have you seen Helen this evening?"
"No Massa, indeed I haint seed her since dinner."
"I fear that she has been captured by the Indians. Have you noticed any lurking around?"
"Yes, since I come to think about it, I saw two or three Neds 'round over the prairie."
"Well, see here Ned, we must find her at the risk of our own lives. If the Indians have taken her they can't be very far."
"All right Massa, I'm your man. I jist likes to shoot at the Inguns wid my gun and see them tumble off their horses. If I seed one wid Miss Helen, I don't know what I would do."
"Well go catch the horses as quick as you can." All this time Arthur had been a silent listener. When Ned left he said, "Father, may I go too?"
"Why, Arthur, my boy, I had almost forgotten you. I guess you would be as ready with us, as by yourself, so get ready."
The horses having been caught and saddled, they soon mounted and were riding rapidly over the prairie. On, on they went with but one object in view, that of discovering the lost Helen.

In the meanwhile Helen was being borne farther and farther away from home. Twilight was fast gathering, and as she gazed on the dusky faces of her companions she wondered what would be her fate. After riding until about midnight the Indians halted before a wigwam. This was the first habitation of any kind she had seen during her long weary ride. The Indians alighted and Helen was once more standing on the ground, but how strange were her surroundings. The hut was in the midst of a dark wood, where the screams of the night-hawk made her shudder.
The Indians after talking in an undertone to each other Helen could not interpret took her into the hut. There was but one occupant, an old woman, with haggard features, who was then snoring on a pallet in one corner of the hut. The old woman was soon roused and she prepared them some supper, but not a bite would Helen eat. A small pallet made of skins was the bed they fixed for her to sleep on where she was fastened securely.
TO BE CONTINUED.

A professor of legerdemain entertained an audience in a village which was principally composed of miners. After "astounding the natives" with various tricks, he asked the loan of a halfpenny. A miner, with a little hesitation, handed out the coin, which the juggler speedily exhibited, as he said, transformed into a sovereign.
"An 'is that my bawbee?" exclaimed the miner. Undoubtedly, answered the juggler. "Let's see it said the miner; and turning it round and round with an ecstasy of delight, thanked the juggler for his kind words, and putting it into his pocket, said, "I'll war'n't ye'll no turn't into a bawbee again."
LAST Sunday one of the ushers of the Detroit churches was greatly surprised at the appearance of an old acquaintance, whose red nose and bleary eyes had not been in church before two fifteen years. "Why, I'm awful glad to see you," said the usher, as he held out his hand. They shook, and the usher continued: "So, you thought you'd come to church?" "Yes I thought so," replied the man as he looked around. "It's mighty lonesome now, since they've closed the doors on Sunday."

Grit.
About ten days ago a man named James Couley, whose cognomen is prefaced with "Rev.,"—the St. James, of his native birth, moved a family from 25 miles below Greenville, S. C. to a house they had rented six miles below Asheville. The family consisted of a widow, her daughter, a blonde of 17 summers, and a yellow dog. St. James seems to have had a fondness for the girl, but her mother disliked him, and forbade her his society. The family were settled in their new home, but still James lurked in the neighborhood. On Saturday morning he and the fair one attempted to elope, but they were overtaken by the old lady, who made the girl return. In the afternoon the girl again gave her mother the slip, and about dusk the two passed through town in a covered wagon, en route for South Carolina. But the old woman was not to be easily robbed of her incorrigible daughter. About 7 o'clock she appeared at the office of Esquire Summey and demanded a warrant for the arrest of the parties. She was blowing like the exhaust of a locomotive, and at intervals when she could catch sufficient breath she would heave in a pious adjuration that consigned the saucy Couley to Hades. The warrant was put in the hands of Sheriff Young, who arrested the couple at Fort Southern and brought them back. Couley, the pious, appeared mortified and depressed at the miscarriage of his plans, but his fiancée was terribly indignant, and gave vent to her feelings in language more forcible than refined. She charged her mother with being an old "two-cent-blow-pipe," and a "mildewed cabbage-head," and backed these loving exclamations with the assertion that she would go to Couley at the risk of her life. The case was settled by Couley paying the cost of the warrant, and the girl being turned over to her fond but presumptuous old mother. Next day (Sunday) the girl made her appearance in town, and being accosted by a young man who was at the trial the day before, she stated that she was on her way to join Couley that she would go to him in spite of the devil, alluding, we suppose to the old "cabbage head," and with a vigorous swing of the arms she passed on southward. As she moved off in solitary grandeur, a disreputable urchin sang out: "Go it, old tow-head, but don't tear your sack!"—*Asheville Pioneer.*

An Interesting Sight in Congress.
One of the most interesting phases of Congressional sight-seeing occurs when little children come in on the floor of the House to visit their dignified papas. Half frightened and shy the little mites are led by the door-keepers; they scarcely look up till the dear, familiar face is in sight; then with a bound and a laugh, whose gladness is fully answered by the father's smile, the child nestles closely in papa's chair, as if it were a throne, and papa looks so proud of his darling that all the gentlemen about him catch the pleasure. There's Regan, of Texas, a great, burly ponderous fellow, looking as if nothing could ever move him smiles are so rare on that sober face that when they do come they don't seem at home on his face; but his little boy comes in, climbs all over him, takes all sorts of liberties with books and papers, and the grim face relaxes, the busy brain stops, considering party problems, and the father plays with his child as if Congress were of no possible consequence. Once in a great while a little girl strays in, making a bit of brightness among the black cats on the floor. I don't believe children were ever half as pretty before as they are now, and when one of these darlings in her picturesque dress does appear, every man with any little ones at home, claims a bit of the child's attention.
When you see a man that shuffles loosely along, with his knees knocking together and his toes pointing in—whose eyes roll furtively and whose hand is ever suddenly jerking itself above his head as if warding off a blow, you can rely upon it that that man is haunted by a mother-in-law—but when you see a party who lifts his feet high and holds his nose in the air, and has one eye shut in a knowing manner, and whose mouth is distended with a self-complacent grin, and who seems to feel good all over; you can bet your last cent he has just bought a new "Domestic" sewing machine for his wife.

If an old woman in a red cloak were to overtake a fierce ram in a narrow lane, what transformation would take place—The ram would turn to butter (burr her) and the old woman into a scarlet runner.

Cost of Living at the Centennial.
The following from the New York Times, shows how visitors to the Centennial are to be lodged and fed:
The Centennial Lodging-house Agency (Limited), proposes to fill up the void by making use of boarding-houses and private residences as a supplement to the hotels thus utilizing the "homes" of Philadelphia. Their plan was to first contract with a large number of house-holders and boarding-house proprietors for certain rooms for the accommodation of such guests as the agency might send to them, and also furnish such rooms suitably, and further to supply the guests with a supper of tea and coffee, with meat, bread and butter, and a breakfast of tea and coffee, warm meat or fish, vegetables, bread and butter. Dinner formed no part of the arrangement, the idea being that the visitors would get this meal inside the Centennial grounds. Payment was to be made to the proprietors and landladies by coupons, to be sold in all the railway and steamship offices in connection with traveling tickets. And these coupons the agency proposed to cash twice a week at their office, No. 1,010 Walnut street. On all the trains coming into the city were to be agent of the association, who were to inquire for the holders of such coupons and furnish them with location cards, billfolding them on such and such houses, each card containing the most minute directions how to reach the allotted quarters. In the prospectus issued by this agency they declared their belief that there were hundreds of boarding-house proprietors, and also hundreds of others occupying large houses who would be glad to throw open their doors to strangers, when they had a certainty of receiving a proper remuneration and of full houses. And they placed themselves in communication with this class of the public by inserting a permanent advertisement in the Ledger, calling upon them to come and make contracts. The price of a coupon ticket for lodging, supper, and breakfast was fixed by the agency at \$2.50 per day, and as the boarding-house keepers in many parts of Philadelphia had been accustomed to receive from \$5 to \$7 per week thankfully for board and lodging, they of course, jumped at an offer which was the mines of Peru. The prospectus spoke of hundreds of persons who would probably be willing, but in this they were extremely diffident and more modest than the occasion called for. The fact is, that up to the present time the number of such contracts made has been over eighty thousand. I state this upon the authority of one of the clerks of the agency, from whom I received also the information that the agency was now prepared to furnish accommodation to no less than thirty-five thousand people daily.
Let us consider the case of a man and his wife who visit the Centennial and stay one week under the auspices of this agency. They may be placed anywhere in the city, in a good quarter or a bad one, next door to a handsome house or to a brewery and lager beer saloon. They have to take their chances of that. They have to pay at least \$1 per head for their dinners within the Centennial grounds, for the keepers of restaurants there have gone to great expense to erect temporary structures, have paid large sums for the concession to the Centennial authorities, and are there to make money. This will make the bill of the couple \$49 per week for mere board and lodging. I must confess that I consider this gross extortion, a deliberate skinning of the public.

Items.
The Wolves of Wisconsin are unusually bold this season. They even come into the village and attack the men.
Tea culture is gaining ground in Georgia, many families using none but the home raised article.
A piece of coal from Tennessee, 100 feet in length, is being prepared for the great Centennial exhibition.
Kansas has 879,592 acres of school lands yet unsold, not including the land in six counties which made no return. It is valued on an average at \$3.50 per acre, and will add about \$5,000,000 to the common school fund.—*The St. Louis Midland Farmer.*

Sunny Faces.
How sweet in infancy, how lovely in youth, how saintly in age! There are a few noble natures whose very presence carries sunshine with them wherever they go; a sunshine which has pity for the poor, sympathy for the suffering, help for the unfortunate, and benignity for all.

Mossy Creek Letter.
Mr. Editor:—We will attempt to give you a few items from old Jefferson county. If such as we can furnish will be of any interest to your readers you have the privilege to publish. The cold snap has somewhat stopped the farmers in their labors as to preparing their soil for corn &c., but they are now busily engaged hauling wood for themselves and their neighbors. Most of them are done sowing oats were almost ready to begin planting corn, but seem to be very willing now to wait, at least, a week or two. It is feared that the freeze has injured the growing wheat crop to a considerable extent. Very much of the fall oats has already been entirely frozen out. The peach crop seems to be entirely killed and those who have been prospecting seem to think that apples, pears, &c., are also injured to a great extent.
Dandridge was visited by a fire one night during last week. Mr. Griffin's blacksmith and tin shops were entirely destroyed, and it was only through the great exertions of the people that other valuable buildings were saved. It is supposed that it was the work of an incendiary. The steamer "Harry Helm" is now carrying all the freight between Dandridge and Knoxville. This is quite an advantage to those living near the river, as the steamer will do their shipping as cheap as the R. R. Company and are saved the expense of hauling to Mossy Creek or New Market, a distance of about twelve miles.
The people of Mossy Creek have been blessed with two revivals during the last month. A revival closed last night which has been in progress almost five weeks at the M. E. Church South the results of which were about thirty-six conversions with many additions to the church. There is also a revival going on at the College, which is held only of nights on account of the school, during which there have been ten conversions, which is very good progress, considering the time, as it was only begun about two weeks since. We would be proud to hear of such revivals at Fall Branch for there is certainly something of the kind needed there.
The schools at Mossy Creek are both doing finely. There are about one hundred and twenty-five students in attendance at the Baptist Male College and about seventy-five at the Female School. The schools were affected by measles to an alarming extent some time since, but all the pupils are now well enough to be in their places. Quite an excitement has been produced through the country here by land buyers, and a great many of the farmers are selling off their lands at from \$20.00 to \$55.000 per acre, and some are asking even more than that per acre, but will, perhaps, have to come down a little before they will find purchasers.

There seems to be no excitement throughout this county over the coming election. How is it in Washington now? We have been informed that one of the candidates at Fall Branch has become very wretchedly over what appeared in the columns of the HERALD and TRIBUNE, over the signature of "Jack," and that he requires some acknowledgment through your columns. We are sorry that Uncle Peter's feelings have been hurt, for we always did love him, and do hope he will be successful in the coming race, and what was said was only intended as a joke, and has been generally received as such; but "to all whom it may concern" uncle Peter did not take the sugar, for what reason we do not know, but left it lying on the counter, when he found that his money would not go. If uncle Peter requires anything else of us whatever, we will be ready to do what we can for him.
Very Respectfully,
JACK.
Mt. Horeb, March 23rd, 1876.

Our Duty.
The people of to-day are educating themselves. Parents are beginning to realize the pleasure of having educated sons and daughters. Many have said we can spell, read, write and cipher tolerably well, and get through the world finely. We have went as far as the simple rule three, and we can attend to our business very well. This is very true at the present day. Our fathers have not had the advantage that we can and do have at the present. I was talking to-day to an old intelligent farmer about these matters, he said in his school days, he had to sit on slab and poll seats, with a gruff old school master to attend him now and then, without discipline in his school, though confined to his book from early morn, until the sun had almost concealed itself behind the western hills, being taught the letters of our languages without a

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One square, ten lines or less, one insertion, \$1.00
For each subsequent insertion, .50
One square two months, 4.00
One square three months, 6.00
One square six months, 10.00
One square one year, 18.00

Announcing Candidates:
Municipal \$3; County \$5; State \$10

correct pronunciation of their combinations &c. But we hope that time has passed and the time has come, when system in school teaching may receive more attention. He says though we now teach only from eight until four, yet his children learn more in one week at the present day, than children did in his day during twice the time. So the role of three will do to work against itself, but as the world is climbing higher, we must climb with it, that in coming time our children may be able to meet its demands. May the energy of our American people be aroused from indolence, with their shoulders to the wheels of time, and all help to elevate education to its sphere.
We are expecting a three month school to be opened at this place the 27th of this month by Mr. J. K. Hilbert, a young and energetic Teacher. We wish him success.
A PATRON.
Cedar Creek Academy, March 23rd 1876
Dandies and nanny-goats never fail to pride themselves upon their kids
What is the principal difference between the swallow and the cat?—It is and admitted fact that "one swallow does not make a summer," but one cat can make a spring.
It is said that there are 400,000 feathers upon the wing of a silk-worm moth, and that any one doubting the truth of the statement can easily satisfy himself by counting them.
"No man was better inculcated to prejudice pork than my husband was," says Mrs. Partington; "he knew what good hogs were, he did, for he had been brought up with 'em from his childhood."
"Isn't your hat sleepy?" inquired a little urchin of a gentleman with a "shocking hair" one. No; why? inquired the gentleman. "Because I think it's a long time since it had a nap," was the answer.
"Mother," said like Partington, "did you know that the 'Iron Horse' has but one ear?" "One ear! merciful gracious, child, what do you mean?" "Why, the engine-ear, of course."
A witty moralist says that, "many a man thinks it a virtue that keeps him from turning a rascal when its only a full stomach." One should be careful and not mistake potatoes for principles.
The Philadelphia matrons are talking of getting up a baby show in connection with the Centennial Exhibition. Now this is taking advantage of our Western ladies in springing this question suddenly upon them, without allowing time for preparation.
A cockney gentleman stepped up to give his testimony: "There was a vast crowd gittin' about 'im, hand one said the man was killed; hand han-an- other said the same; hand I hexalated, with a loud voice. 'Hif the man is killed, why don't you stand back hand give 'im a little hair?'"
A good story is told of a Michigan soldier, in Virginia, during the war who was accused of stealing a goose from a farmer. He was brought up for trial, and admitted taking the goose, but pleaded an extenuation that he caught in the act of hissing the American flag, and arrested it for treason.
A country school-master once asked one of his pupils if he had ever seen an elephant's skin. "Yes, Sir, I have," shouted the young hopeful,—"Where?" inquired the school-master, quite amused at the boy's earnestness. "On an elephant," was the reply, accompanied with a most provoking grin.